THE GHOST OF THE EMPEROR Charles the Fifth.

Appearing to

VOLCART the PORTER:

OR, A

Dialogue touching the Times.

April 1st. 1690.

This may be Printed,
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THE GHOST of the EMPEROR Charles the Fifth,

Appearing to *VOLCART* the Porter, &c.

The Ghoſt.

GOOD chear Friend: prethee where abouts am I, and how far is it to the *Low Countries?*

Volcart. You ſeem not well awake Sir, in asking for the *Low Countries*, when you are no wat *Bruſſels.*

Ghoſt. Ah do not inſult over a poor unhappy Shadow, that has had no reſt for this hundred and thirty Years. Did you know who I were, be you Friend or Foe, you would ſhew me ſome reſpect.

Volcart. Pray let's hear then who you are, that we may know what reſpect is due to you; for my being a Porter does not hinder me from being able to give as good account of things as another; and tho' I have not liv'd an hundred and thirty Years, yet have I liv'd the beſt part of that time; which makes a Man old enough not to be afraid of Ghoſts and Shadows. Pray then ask what you pleaſe, for I have paſt no ſmall time of my life at Court.

Ghoſt. Good Friend do not trifle with me; you tell me you know *Bruſſels*, and what has paſt in the World. Pray what's your name, you that ſpeak? for if you be of Quality, I ſhall preſently know you; are you the Duke of *Arſchot*, *Count Egmont*, *Count Horn*, *the Marqueſs de Bergues:* Theſe are Perſons well known in *Flanders.*

Volcart. God forbid I ſhould pretend to be ſo great as any of theſe; no, no, I am only a poor Door-keeper, my name *Volcart.* But pray let's know what's yours.

Ghoſt. Why I am the Ghoſt of *Charles* V. he that ruled not only the Provinces we ſpeak of; but carri'd his name much farther: ſo that I need ſay no more to thee.

Volcart. You *Charles* V. you are an Impoſter, were you that great Prince, you would know the place where you are, ſeeing you built it.

Ghoſt. Ah! I begin to know whereabouts I am; 'tis true it was I that built this Palace, but why doſt thou make me remember a thing which was the beginning of my miſery? Doſt thou know why I built it, and for what end it ſerv'd me?

Volcart. No; unleſs it were to hang Pictures in; at leaſt this is the common report. But is it poſſible, that you are that great Prince, whom I have heard ſo much of, and whoſe Memory is in ſo great veneration in theſe Provinces?

Ghoſt. The very ſame.

Volcart. And what brings you into theſe Countries?

Ghoſt. The deſire of knowing what paſſes. Thou knoweſt I was born here, and that the love of ones Native Country never dies. Another reaſon brings me here beſides, I am willing to inſtruct my Deſcendants, how they may be more happy than I. Here's the wretched place where I began to loſe my Innocency; I had rang'd Pictures here, as thou now ſaiſt, of all the Princes of *Europe*; but to my misfortune, none of 'em appeared ſo beautiful to me, as that of my Siſter the Queen of *Hungary*. I was always gazing on it; Curſt be the Painter that made her ſo handſom, which gave me a deſire to behold the Original, which appeared to me far more beautiful than its Picture. I could take no pleaſure after this, but in her company. What ſhall I ſay, I loved her, ſhe loved me. And this is the curſed effect of theſe abominable Pictures.

Volcart. How! methinks this does not well agree with your Character, for I comprehend by this, that the Love you had for her, was of another nature, than that which is uſual between Brother and Siſter.

Ghoſt. Very true; and would to God it had not proceeded ſo far, I ſhould not have ſigh'd as I have done, and been driven to this deſpair. But to make an end of this diſcourſe, doſt know who *Don John* of *Auſtria* was? *Volcart.*

Volcart. Know who he was? yes, ſure; he was Governour of theſe Provinces, and I have admitted thouſands and thouſands of Perſons into the Palace to ſpeak with him.

Ghoſt. That is impoſſible; for tho' thou art otherwiſe old enough, yet not ſo old as to have ſeen him. It's about an hundred and thirty Years ago ſince I am dead, and he was then at Mans ſtate; ſo that conſequently he could not live long enough for thee to know him.

Volcart. What then you don't mean *Don John of Auſtria*, the Son of *Philip* IV. begot on an Actreſs, the Brother of our King now Reigning.

Ghoſt. No.

Volcart. You ſpeak then of the other *Don John*, he that won the famous Battel of *Lepanto*, in a word, your Son.

Ghoſt. Yes; but doſt know who was his Mother?

Volcart. No; I have read *Strada* out, without being the wiſer in this matter. He ſays, indeed, that he was your Son; that he was brought up by *Don Lewis Quiſcida* the Steward of your Houſhold, no body knowing who he was, he himſelf being ignorant of his Original, till *Philip* the Second inform'd him one day a Hunting: but of his Mother, he made no mention.

Ghoſt. Who is this *Strada?*

Volcart. Why he was a Jeſuit that gives an account how you left the Empire, and forſook the World; and who likewiſe has given us the famous Hiſtory of the Troubles in the *Low Countries*, under the Reign of *Philip* II. your Son.

Ghoſt. A Man of his Order could not write any thing to diſgrace my Memory; for the Jeſuits have been ever Penſionaries to the Houſe of *Auſtria*; beſides, the firſt thing they learn, is to offer Incenſe to the great ones of the World. However, if he has conceal'd my ſhame, I will not; know then, that the Queen of *Hungary* was *Don John*'s Mother.

Volcart. The Queen of *Hungary*, *Don John*'s Mother? What your own Siſter?

Ghoſt. The very ſame. Do not I tell you ſo?

Volcart. However prepared one may be againſt the hearing of extraordinary things, yet ſhew me the Man whom this Relation will not ſurprize. A Child of ones own Siſter. Whoring is frequent enough, and paſſes for Gallantry, but thank God Inceſt is not ſo rife. Our Town it's true is full of Cuckolds, as well

well as others; and my own Son was of the number, having married a Woman a little above his Quality. But seeing the Wife of a King, and the Sister of a great Emperor have drove on the Trade, it belongs to him to comfort himself. And it appears to me, that it is not the Cuckolds that suffer in the other World, but those that make them so; otherwise it would be the King of *Hungary* who would appear to me, and not the Great *Charles*.

Ghost. Thou saist right, and it wou'd not be just, that after having suffered in this World, they should suffer moreover in the other. However being now sufficiently instructed about me, prethee learn me, what has hapned in this Country since my death.

Volcart. What, then, have the dead such Curiosity? The Hereticks affirm they are no farther concern'd in the Affairs of this World.

Ghost. Ah.

Volcart. You sigh.

Ghost. I have reason to sigh. I know what you mean by this Word Hereticks, and this brings still to my remembrance more Evils which I have committed. But do not enlarge my Grief, but rather divert it by an Answer to my Question.

Volcart. With all my Heart; provided you'l let me know the Reason why you left the Empire, and retired from the World; for all those that have wrote on that Subject, have given such different Accounts, that the World is at a loss whom to believe.

Ghost. Spare me a Recital, which will be to me very troublesom.

Volcart. Spare me then likewise a Relation, which will spend my Lungs. Besides, do you think I can satisfie your Question without deep Sighs? A Man must be very insensible to relate without the greatest regret, the former Condition of these Provinces, and that wherein they now are. I have seen them flourishing, and at this day do behold them so decay'd, that its impossible to think them the same.

Ghost. Well I see thou art a Man of thy Trade, that will not so much as tell a Man what's a Clock for nothing; Thou hast been always a griping covetous humour'd Fellow, I'll warrant thee.

Volcart.

Volcart. I am of that humour God has been pleaſed to endue me with, either I do love Money, or I do not love it: However I know not why you ſhould not ſatisfie my Queſtions, as well as I yours.

Ghoſt. I cannot tell thee any great news from the other World; and as to this, when I was on the Throne I could not conceal every thing from the Eyes of the Publick. There are ſome Quick-eyed *Argus's* every where. All that I can ſay to thee is, that if I have been reſerv'd in any thing, it has been chiefly in the matter of Opinion or Religion; Policy had learn'd me, that through the Profeſſion of a great Zeal to the Catholick Religion, I muſt arrive to the univerſal Empire. So that I would be thought to be the moſt bigotted *Roman* Catholick in the World; I undertook Wars under this pretence, and if thou wouldſt know more of this matter, thou needſt only read the Hiſtory of my Life, which I got written in my Life time.

Volcart. I have read it; and there ſeems to me ſeveral Paſſages, wherein you contradict theſe Polities; for Example, how do you explain the Sacking of *Rome* by your Troops, and the Impriſonment of the Holy Father, whom you kept along time in Cuſtody in the Caſtle of St. *Angelo.*

Ghoſt. Poo a Fart of this, your Spiritual Perſons are as great Polititians as the Secular Princes; we have all our *Fineſſes* from the Clergy, and you'll find them to be the greateſt Trickers. Read only the Hiſtory of the Popes, and you'l ſee, that you muſt not go to *Rome* for Religion; and hadſt thou been at the Place, as well as I, thou wouldſt not need two words to be ſaid to thee, on that Subject.

Volcart. I have heard indeed ſeveral times what you ſay, but I ever thought 'twas the Hereticks that ſpread theſe Reports. However I am almoſt convinc'd by what you ſay, for I cannot believe Ghoſts will lye, eſpecially ſuch an Illuſtrious Phantome as you.

Ghoſt. I do not lye, but ſpeak the Truth; doſt thou not ſee what jugling and tricking there is to be Pope, whence thou maiſt judg, what they are capable of, when they have got into the Chair.

Volcart. However we have had one of late, that was not of this Number, but really an honeſt Man; for had it not been for him, the Heirs of your Brother *Maximilian* might have begg'd their

their Bread, the Turks had driven them from the Throne; whereas by his means, they themſelves are driven out of *Hungary*. *Lewis* the Great caus'd an Archbiſhop of *Cologn* to be elected, a Prince of *Liege*, and Biſhop of *Munſter*, according to his humour, but by a lucky ſtroke, the good Father has turn'd *Lewis* beſide his Politicks, without which theſe Provinces had in a ſhort time unavoidably faln into his Hands.

Ghoſt. And who is this *Lewis* the Great.

Volcart. 'Tis the King of *France*, a Prince ſuch another almoſt as you have been, a great Pol, full of Diſſimulation, a mighty undertaker, and generally ſucceſsful; its true he has not laid hold on the Pope yet, as you have done, but 'twas not for want of good Will but Power. He has had divers Quarrels with him grounded on frivolous Pretences, but however the whole has turn'd much to the advantage of Chriſtendom.

Ghoſt. Which is to ſay, that this Pope whom thou haſt made ſo honeſt a Man, is no more than a Man; for this ſtroke thou ſpeakſt of, ariſes from a Principle of Revenge and human Affections, as well as thoſe of other Men. But before we go any farther, prithee tell me ſome of thoſe Remarkable Paſſages ſince my death; and which I could never hear any thing of in the other World.

Volcart. That's my deſign, and I had come there, had you not interrupted me: in comparing *Lewis* the Great with you, I was about telling you, that he has not been behind hand with you in loving the fair Sex; and though he has not had Privacies with his own Siſter, which is an abominable Inceſt, yet he has been guilty of an Adultery, which muſt needs ſound very Criminal. He has taken away one of his Subjects Wives, and enjoy'd her ſeveral years. And in a word, as your Sin made you retire into a Monaſtery, where you dyed; his made him undertake the deſtruction of the Hereticks of his Kingdom. He has depriv'd them of the Exerciſe of their Religion, and this is the Penance impoſed on him by Father *la Chaiſe* his Confeſſor; without which, its probable he has inform'd him, that the way to Paradice would be ſhut up; whether he has deceiv'd him or no, let others judg; my Hair ſtands an end at the remembrance of the Violences and Cruelties uſed to effect this. However he has had greater ſucceſs than your Son; who deſirous of doing the like in theſe Provinces, has thrown them into ſuch a Revolt, as

has

as coſt him the loſs of the beſt part of them. Hence has ariſe Republick, which flouriſhes above Envy, and has ſtood out in War I know not how many times againſt all the Forces of your Poſterity: But in fine, after 'twas found they could not bring her under; they have made a Treaty with her, by which they acknowledge her a Sovereign State.

Ghoſt. In what Canton was this Republick form'd; probably in the Provinces bordering on *France?*

Volcart. No, Sir, a miſtake: on the contrary in *Holland*, and the ſix other Neighbouring Provinces, which have made a League together, which has held for this hunder'd and twenty years and upwards.

Ghoſt. What Head have they had to compaſs ſuch an Enterprize?

Volcart. William Prince of *Orange.*

Ghoſt. What he that was ſo dear to me, that I was continually leaning on his Shoulders as I walkt; notwithſtanding the Jealouſie I cauſed hereby to my other Courtiers?

Volcart. The very ſame.

Ghoſt. What Reaſon could he pretend for this?

Volcart. Reaſon ſufficient as you ſhall hear. *Luther* and *Calvin* had brought over ſeveral People to their Sentiments; and ſeveral here amongſt us believ'd, that the firſt of theſe was ſent from God to reform the Abuſes of the Catholick Religion: In a word, they ſuffered themſelves to be perſwaded by the Miniſtry of thoſe who taught his Doctrine. What ſhall I ſay; The Exemplary Life they led, compared with the diſſolution of Manners amongſt the Catholicks; the Inquiſition which *Philip* your Son would have brought in, with ſome other Novelties, altogether as dangerous; the rigor of thoſe which Govern'd, and a thouſand other things, which I do not mention, gave Birth to theſe troubles, the Sequel of which has been, as I now mention'd.

Ghoſt. But why if they would have chang'd their Religion, did they not rather take the *Lutheran* than the *Calviniſt? Luther* was ſo Honeſt a Man and ſo knowing.

Volcart. If he were ſuch a honeſt Man, I much wonder you ſhould Perſecute him ſo; and not only him, but all thoſe that Profeſt his Doctrine, and it ſeems to me, they have not had a more mortal Enemy than you.

Ghoſt. Prethee now, theſe are Myſteries of State, which every body muſt not ſee into, I have already told thee, that Princes are good Comedians, I have experienc'd what I tell thee in my ſelf, how many things have I been forc'd to do againſt my Inclinations; for ſo far was I from hating *Luther* and his Doctrine, that I have always had a ſecret Veneration for both. Thou enquireſt of me juſt now, how I came to leave my Sovereignty to retire into ſolitude, I had no other reaſon than this, that I had perſecuted the Truth againſt the Light of my own Conſcience, and my Sin continually ſtared me in the Face: So that imagining that nothing could appeaſe the Anger of God but a Bloody Sacrifice; I hence determine to leave all to do Penance. I imparted this deſign to three Men who had the ſame Sentiments as I, touching *Luther* and his Doctrine; I had already taken one of them for my Director, though in appearance he was a zealous *Roman* Catholick; and having all three of them approved of my Reſolution, they likewiſe promis'd to follow me. And here's in one word the Secret of this great retreat, which has made ſuch a noiſe in the World. But after ſo much Blood ſo unjuſtly ſpilt, could I do leſs than to Cloyſter up my ſelf (as it were alive) for the expiation of my Sins.

Volcart. But you did not dye in thoſe Opinions, but undoubtedly came to your ſelf again.

Ghoſt. I did, and the three Men I mentioned. *Philip* II. knew it well, and I learnt in the other World a Circumſtance which I'll tell thee. My Son, having been inform'd, I know not how, that theſe three Perſons had always entertain'd me in the ſame Religion, he would needs make their Proceſs after their death. But a certain able Counſellor, more ſubtle than he, adviſ'd him to have a care what he did, ſeeing he could not condemn them, without condemning my Memory as an Heretick, and that as *Rome* had given out a Decree, by which the Children of thoſe Perſons could not inherit; ſo this would be to declare himſelf fallen from the faireſt Succeſſion as ever befel Prince: So that they were let alone, and my Bones likewiſe untoucht.

Volcart. So then as far a I can perceive you are an Heretick Mr. *Charles* the Fifth; but will you do me no hurt, or ſhall I go and fetch ſome Holy Water.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Fie, fie; at thy age to talk ſo. This were well enough for a Child; prethee be quiet, and ſtay here, I intend thee no harm; the Dead do neither good nor hurt.

Volcart. Ah good Mr. *Charles* the Fifth may I truſt you, good now ſwear as you are a dead Man; for I believe dead Folks do not uſe to forſwear themſelves.

Ghoſt. I'll do more, I'll ſwear on the Faith of an Emperor, and this Oath is ſtronger than that thou requireſt.

Volcart. What then the Word of a dead Man is nothing with you; and that of an Emperor or Prince is leſs with me. How many are there in our days, who laugh at their own Promiſes, there is neither Treaty nor Oath that holds them, and provided they can ſay 'tis a matter whereon the good of the State depends, they think they deſerve more praiſe than blame. Its true your Gentlemen Courtiers are the Cauſes of theſe abuſes, for inſtead of blaming what's blame-worthy, they are prodigal of their Incenſe in all occaſions; a great Deceiver is a great Politician in their ſpeech, and they have always in their Mouths this Maxim, that he that cannot Diſſemble knows not how to Reign. And therefore pray let me hear no more of your Emperor, and your word of a Prince, I had rather you would ſwear to me by the Faith of a dead Man. Death makes all equal, and as I ſhall be whether I will or no, dead as well as you, ſo I may require you to do me Juſtice; if you put any of your Tricks on me, your diſtinguiſhing Maxims being not able then to ſhelter you from my juſt Reproaches.

Ghoſt. Well then, on the Faith of a dead Man, I promiſe thee all thou deſireſt.

Volcart. What's the meaning of this, to promiſe me all that I deſire? Do's not this reſemble the Treaty of *Nimiguen*, where for want of an exact explication there aroſe a thouſand Abuſes? I'll have ſomething more real and poſitive; you Princes have ſuch fetches which others cannot underſtand. Did not Mr. *Revaux* entertain you below with his ſubtilties; and after having ſtretcht in this World the *Comté* of *Chiny* as far as he pleaſed, will not he make a good Counſellor for you? (he that now wants a Maſter) to trouble all thoſe you may have to do with.

Ghoſt. Who is this Mr. *Revaux*?

Volcart. He is a Man that has gained more Countries to *France* than any Captain it ever had; a Man that has introduced ſuch a right of dependancy, as was never heard of before him, and who if a Truce had not hapned between his Maſter and the neighbouring States, which has interrupted the Courſe of his Chicaneries, would have made to depend at the end of a little County the Empire of *Trebiſon'd*, which yet is diſtant from it ſome Hundreds of Leagues.

Ghoſt. But why did the King of *France* encourage ſuch great Injuſtice, was he not inform'd better than thus of the Truth?

Volcart. But why as long as you have liv'd, have you upheld thoſe who told you, to make their Court to you, that you had a right to the Kingdom of *Naples*, and the other States which you invaded in *Italy*? Was not you likewiſe inform'd of the Truth, as well as he could be? or was it more lawful in thoſe times to ſeize on others Rights than it is now.

Ghoſt. Thou art, I was going to ſay, a ſawcy old Fellow, to preſs thus on a Prince. Are all ſorts of Truths fit to be ſpoken? and were it not better to diſſemble many things.

Volcart. Very well, we are now come to the Point, had I not then reaſon to ſay, that Princes never want Courtiers to ruin them by their Flatteries, and partial Repreſentations of things? Had you been dealt ſo freely with in your time, as I now talk to you, how much Blood had been ſaved, which was ſhed by your wretched Ambition? What are you now the better for all your Violencies, Rapins, and Murthers? What is now left you but the ſad remembrance of ſo many Crimes? But I'll hold my ſelf in. By the way then, pray inform me of one thing, which I am curious of knowing. Were you amorous in that time we ſpeak of, or were you not, and which of the two Hiſtorians ſhall I believe? him who ſets forth one of your Actions as Great and Heroical, whilſt the other gives it quite different Colours. Here's what the firſt ſays; That there was a Governour of a ſmall Place who had a very handſome Woman to his Wife, one of whom the Vice-Roy of the Province became greatly enamour'd, inſomuch that he uſed all means to induce her to content his Paſſions, but that her Vertue being above the Temptation, he knew not what courſe to take to have his deſire; when he had news brought him that her Husband was concern'd in a Conſpiracy: he being tranſported with this good Fortune, reſolves

ſolves to make his Wife redeem his Life at the coſt of her Honour; but that this Lady, on the hearing of the Propoſal, went to her Husband and endeavoured to ſtrengthen him in the reſolution of dying, rather than purchaſe his Life on ſuch ſhameful terms; but that her Husband, weaker than ſhe, threw himſelf ſeveral times at her Feet, conjuring her to ſave him, tho' at that price, ſeeing no other would be accepted: That ſhe had wept, ſigh'd, and bewail'd moſt pitiouſly her Misfortune, before ſhe could be brought to yield to her Husbands requeſt; however being at length prevail'd with, ſhe went to the Vice Roy, who beyond Example, had commanded her Husband to be ſtrangled in the Priſon, whilſt he enjoy'd her Embraces; that this Woman at the leaving his Bed, thinking to find her Husband, and to bewail with him the extremity ſhe had been reduced to, was extreamly ſupris'd and diſcomforted at the ſame time to find him dead; that ſhe had a thouſand times curſt the Perfidiouſneſs of the Vice-Roy, and that after ſeveral Imprecations, eaſie to imagin, ſhe had reſolv'd to go in the ſearch of you, though to the end of the World, to demand Juſtice, had ſhe not been inform'd that you were coming into that Country; at which time of your arrival, ſhe addreſt her ſelf to you, and that you having heard the Matter, it had rais'd ſuch Indignation in you, that you caus'd the Vice Roy to come before you, and at the ſame time ſent for a Prieſt and an Executioner: that as ſoon as ever he came into your Preſence, you reproach'd him with his Crime, with command to make preſent Reparation, in eſpouſing the Woman: that he was greatly ſurpriz'd to ſee you in ſuch Paſſion, and having fruitleſly endeavoured to pacifie you; he had at length taken the Party of marrying her, ſeeing he muſt do that or dye. But that having Eſpouſed her, he was ſtill more ſupriz'd, ſeeing you told him he had now made reparation to the Honour of this Woman, but that he had not ſatisfied your Juſtice; whereupon ordering him to confeſs himſelf immediately to the Prieſt, who had married him, you had caus'd the Executioner to ſtrike off his Head.

Ghoſt. All this is very true; and this Hiſtorian has related nothing but what I have done.

Volcart. Very well great Emperor! hold you a little, and hear what the other Author ſays I now mention'd. Having related the matter like the former he adds; that this Woman having ſeiz'd

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on your Affections as well as the Vice-Roys, you became ſo in love with her, and ſo jealous at the ſame time, that this was the reaſon, why you made ſuch quick diſpatch of her Husband; and that this was a thing concerted between you, before this ſentence, which made you appear ſuch a great lover of Juſtice; but that at bottom, this was only the remains of that fire, which made you burn for the Queen of *Hungary*. I always believ'd this was meer ſlander, eſpecially when he tells us you loved your own Siſter; but ſeeing you have already acknowledged one, why ſhould you not be as ingenious in confeſſing the other? ſeeing the latter is not, I think, ſo criminal.

Ghoſt. Yet this has coſt me a great remorſe of mind.

Volcart. This is true then, and the laſt Author is not miſtaken.

Ghoſt. No.

Volcart. Very well; here's another ſtroak which makes you very much reſemble *Lewis* the Great. You have been gnaw'd all your life time with ſuch an exceſſive ambition, as has made you diſturb the Peace of all the World. And this was reproach'd you by that little Monk, whoſe ſleep you interrupted, when confined in your ſolitude. Did he not tell you that having turn'd all *Europe* topſie turvy, you could not be quiet your ſelf, neither would you let others be ſo in their ſolitude? But as far as I can ſee, here's another ſubject of compariſon between you two. You have both of you taken your Neighbours Wives, but *Lewis* was ſo far from putting to death *Monſieur de Monteſpan*, that he ſent him into his own Country, and ordered him a conſiderable ſum of Money for the gilding of his Horns; whereas you cauſe a Mans Head to be taken off his Shoulders, becauſe he has a handſom Wife. Bleſs us! how dangerous was it in thoſe times to eſpouſe one of Merit and Beauty; the Husbands were not horrified as they are now adays, but ran a risk to ride Poſt into the other World. Well, I ſee there's no ſuch great reaſon to praiſe the times paſt; for now as ſoon as a Spark has Money, he has quickly an handſom Miſtriſs, and a good Friend. The Husband is the moſt complaiſant Man in the World, he takes his Cloak, Sword and Gloves, as ſoon as ever he ſees him coming, and under pretence of buſineſs, he lets him do his peaceably with his Wife. This brings to my remembrance what has hapned to my ſelf; There frequented a certain Spark, heretofore, my Houſe;

and

and as ſoon as ever my Wife ſaw him, ſhe took great care to remember me of a viſit I promis'd, or of a pleaſant walk, I cannot tell whether ſhe meant any harm by it, but methinks my Forehead itches at this very time I am ſpeaking of it; well, peace be with her Soul, I forgive her, ſeeing ſhe is gone.

Ghoſt. Prethee hold thy Tongue, ceaſe complaining and be quiet, why ſhouldſt thou be more ſqueamiſh than other Folks? if thou wert the only Cuckold in the World, it were another matter.

Volcart. Very fine truly! I thought the People of the other World would not have expreſt themſelves at ſo light a rate on ſo grave a ſubject; I thought rather, that having left behind them thoſe amorous Vanities, they would have ſhewed the greateſt abhorrence of theſe Abuſes. But I have a ſtrong perſwaſion you have not wholly loſt your old reliſh; and that having had your time with the Queen of *Hungary*, and the handſom Widow we lately mentioned, as well as with many others, you ſtill have a hankering after the ſame game; *for an old ſinner never dies to himſelf*, and tho' his ſtrength fails him, yet his will is ſtill the ſame. But pray tell me to what end were all thoſe grimaces, when you were in your ſolitude, ſeeing you were ever ſuch a good companion. If I underſtand what you now ſaid, you would have one believe you to be a ſincere *Lutheran*; but if this were true, how could you aſſiſt at the Prayers of the Monks in the Quire as you did; did you find nothing herein that went againſt your Conſcience? But above all, how do you excuſe that whimſie which made you ſhut your ſelf up alive in a Tomb as another *Harlaquin*? Is it not for this reaſon that this Comedian has a name ſo near yours, that it is the very ſame with the firſt Letter. Methinks I ſee you in that poſture full of amorous fancies, whilſt the Funeral Offices were chanting for you. But pray what could be your deſign in doing this, and what was the uſe you intended to make of this.

Ghoſt. To blind the World, and make it believe the contrary to what was true. Several that ſaw clearer than I deſired, for a long time, ſuſpected that I was not firmly fixt to the *Catholick* Religion, which neceſſitated me to throw Duſt in their Eyes by ſome famous action. Moreover, how could I do better than in teſtifying outwardly to approve of Prayers which I inwardly

wardly diſliked; yet thou maiſt know, that I was ſcrupulous enough to do nothing herein; and I did not ceaſe to tell my three Directors that this was a great ſin, as in effect I do believe it to be ſtill: but what wouldſt thou have a Man do? they ſeeing me melancholy and doubtful, were afraid they ſhould be call'd in queſtion about the change of my Religion, and therefore they gave me no reſt, till I had finiſhed the Mummery, of which they had been the inventors: Yet there were none but the Vulgar that were abuſed hereby, for clear-ſighted People ſaw through the cheat.

Volcart. Well! As far as I can ſee, Father *Strada* is a great lyar, who would have this action paſs, as a matter of great edification; if he has had no better Memoirs for the reſt of his Hiſtory, I ſee there's not much ſtreſs to be laid on what he ſays: And to ſpeak the truth, altho' he brags much of the certain knowledge of what he writes, yet I have for ſome time began to ſuſpect his veracity; for I could never reliſh his attributing all along the advantage to the *Spaniards*, and at the ſame time I ſee a Republick ſpring up, and he is ſo far from ſaying how this comes to paſs, that he does not ſo much as mention one tittle of it.

Ghoſt. A Jeſuite Hiſtorian; you muſt expect indeed much truth from ſuch a one. But do not thou diſguiſe it from me, but inſtruct me in the ſtate of theſe Provinces, and that of my Deſcendants.

Volcart. Your Deſcendants are terminated in an infirm Prince that remains to us, and who according to the common report cannot give us an Heir, which is attributed to his Marriage with a *French* Princeſs, of whom care has been taken to put her out of a condition of having Children before ſhe was ſuffered, to go out of the Kingdom. I have ever heard, that when a Woman is brought to Bed, it is an eaſie matter to hinder her from having any more Children; but I cannot tell whether this ſecret may be extended as far as a Maid. However, for my part, I am not learned in theſe matters.

Ghoſt. So that according to what thou ſaiſt, here's the *Spaniſh* Monarchy at an end; but is there not a Son of ſome Daughter of *Spain* who may keep up the glory which I acquired when I was in the World?

Volcart. Ay, ay, do not put your ſelf in pain about that matter, the eldeſt Siſter of our Prince was married about thirty Years ſince to *Lewis the Great*, ſhe has left a *Dauphin*, and the King his Father, who is not aſleep when there's any thing to be gotten, has already ſeiz'd of one part of *Flanders* under pretence of this Succeſſion.

Ghoſt. But the time is not yet come, and therefore he muſt wait with patience whether he will or no.

Volcart. You do not know him, he is a very Devil at Proceſſes and Law Suits; the deſire of having is ſo great in him, that without murthering People, he finds ways to ſeize on their Eſtates, he has a thouſand *Monſieur Ravaux* at Wages, they are turning over Books Night and Day to find what he deſires, and when the Laws are againſt 'em, they will make new ones, rather than fail of their Buſineſs. I know not where he picks up theſe Petty Foggers, but they guild over their matters ſo well, that they ſeem to have the reaſon on their ſide. It was under ſuch a ſort of pretence, that he entered into *Flanders* about twenty Years ſince, and had our Neighbours ſuffered him, he had made fine work of it in three Months time, for he took I know not how many places. The following Winter he conquered the *Comté* in eight Days, having with his *Loüis d'Or's* corrupted the Governour, who was an old Bigot, who pretended to carry Candles to the Saints, whilſt he ſet up his before the Altar of ſome Wench. The moſt Chriſtian King caus'd him to come into *France* after this, as into a proper place to content his fancy; but having not every Day ſuch Provinces to ſell as *la Comté*, he was forced to content himſelf with one Miſtriſs, when he had not Means to purchaſe more. God reward our good Neighbours the *Dutch*, who began from that time to aſſiſt us, without them we had ſuffered far more; for theſe *French* Devils came to our very Walls inſulting over us; I would have kill'd one great he-Rogue, who came inſolently and turn'd up his Breech at us, having purſued our Guard to the Counterſcarp. what a fine mark this would have been, his name was *la Serre*, a Lieutenant of the *Gard de Corps*, a Fellow inſolent, if ever there was any, witneſs what he did ſince to *Madamoiſelle de Guiſe*; I believe had this been, and this Princeſs had known it, ſhe would have ſettled a Penſion on me for life. But of misfortune my Piece went not off, not but that it was a good one,

but I had forgot to charge it; ſo greatly was I diſordered in my mind.

Ghoſt. What you were very angry then?

Volcart. I did not know whereabouts I was! What, a Rogue come and let down his Breeches! and ſhew his Arſe to civil People: For an Officer to do this, this was ſuch an unſeemly ſight! the Villain makes my Blood riſe. But he is, it ſeems, a Fellow that has not only two Faces, but two Wives; who are both yet alive, or at leaſt were ſo a little while ſince. The King knows this, and *Madamoiſelle de Guiſe* did not forget to acquaint him with it; but being, as he is, *Lewis the Great*, and not *Lewis the Juſt*, the Villain may Marry two others, if he will, without any danger from the Law.

Ghoſt. However, this is a matter of conſequence in a State, and a Prince ought not to ſuffer it.

Volcart. Why, don't you ſay, This is not Chriſtian like, without enclоſing the Crime within the bounds of Policy; ſhould a Man of the other World expreſs himſelf at this rate; I that am ſtill in this, would not ſpeak thus; but you make good that old threadbare ſaying, *Quo ſemel eſt imbuta, &c.* But pray how long have you been below? and how long is it ſince you came forth? I believe you have been better here than where you are at preſent, ſeeing that after ſo long an Apprenticeſhip your talk is ſtill of one place, and not a word of the other; this is not a Note that the *Lutheran* Religion is ſo good, but rather a mark that we muſt remain here as long as we can.

Ghoſt. Thou maiſt be miſtaken in thy conjectures. However, believe what thou wilt, its not permitted me, to undeceive thee; the dead ſpeak not ſo freely as the living; they are enjoyned ſilence.

Volcart. If it be ſo, I would adviſe all our *Bruſſels* Ladies, to have always to do with the dead; and as little commerce as may be with the living: by which means their Adventures would not become ſo publick. I ſaw a Liſt the other Day of near two hundred of very high Dames, who were all in by Name and Surname; and how many Gallants they had a-piece: and it muſt be granted they are not ill provided, if the Liſt be true. Thoſe that paſs among us for the moſt modeſt, have only one Gallant at a time, but they change when they think fitting; you, for your part, grave and great Sir, needed

only

only one of these to heat you, when you lay freezing before *Metz*.

Ghost. But now thou talk'st of *Metz*, have not my Descendants or Nephews found out a way to revenge the affront I receiv'd there, by the perfidiousness of *Henry* II. who so basely seiz'd on it; could they find in their Hearts to leave so considerable a place in my Enemies Hands, with the two others, which they surpriz'd at the same time? This concerned *Maximilian* my Brother, and his Children; prethee let me know what they have done in this matter, that I may comfort my self by the knowledge of the good condition the House of *Austria* lies in on that side, and how 'tis with her in *Spain*, and these Provinces.

Volcart. I can tell you nothing on this Head, that will much content you; not but that *Maximilian* and his Son have follow'd your Maxims; they have endeavour'd, as much as they could, under pretence of Religion, to make themselves formidable in the Empire; tho', if one may believe several good Historians, they were no less affected than you to the *Lutheran* Doctrines. But, in fine, their designs being too well known to succeed by this means, there arose so many Factions against them, that they left the King of *France* at rest, to apply themselves to that which was most urgent.

Since that, we have seen one of their Successors nearer the happy terminating his Enterprises; if *France*, who with good reason mistrusted his Ambition, had not excited the King of *Swedeland* to oppose him. He was a Prodigy for Valour, Conduct, and good Fortune; and did as much in two Years as another would have thought himself happy to have perform'd in a long Life; and had he not ended his Days in so fair a beginning, by a mortal stroak at the Battle of *Lutzen*, he had placed himself on the Imperial Throne, and driven out the Descendants of *Maximilian*. There are who have attributed this to the *French*, supposing they had conceiv'd a jealousie at his Power, but withall this, those that really knew how matters passed, are agreed, That his misfortune came, in that there arose a thick Mist in the beginning of the Battel, which hindred him from seeing a Squadron that advanced; and which gave him the mortal Blow we mention'd. Some of his Party perceiv'd his Death before the end of the Combat, having seen his Horse,

whoſe Saddle was all covered with Blood, go from Squadron to Squadron, as if he had been to ſeek his Maſter; but having had the diſcretion to keep within themſelves the grief they felt, they loſt not their Courage, ſo that they carried away the Victory, which this great Prince had given a beginning to.

This Death brought ſome comfort to your Deſcendants, thinking that after the loſs of this Prince, none of his followers could fill his place; but the Duke of *Weimar*, having had the boldneſs to preſent himſelf to Command the Army, fortune aſſiſted him to ſuch a degree, that he appeared not unworthy this Employ. He conquer'd the ſtrong place of *Briſac*; and dying ſome time after, *France*, who had gotten her Foot into the Patrimony of your Houſe, could not be obliged to retire; but on the contrary, maintain'd her Ground by a Treaty, to which ours were obliged to condeſcend, having other Affairs to attend. Since this, ſo far have they been from finding an opportunity of recovering their own, that they have added loſs to loſs. *France* is now in poſſeſſion of all the Banks of the *Rhine* from *Baſil* to *Cologne*, excepting *Philipsbourg*, yet does ſhe bridle this place, by means of a Fortreſs, which ſhe has rais'd between *Landaw* and *Germeſſeim*.

Gboſt. And does all the Country on this ſide belong to her?

Volcart. No; but ſhe has poſſeſt her ſelf of it by one means or other: *Ravaux* has told her, that this belongs to *France*; ſhe has believ'd him on his bare word, and has not put her ſelf on the trouble of diſcuſſing the matter; all that was comprehended in ſo vaſt a Country, has been cited to promiſe Fealty, and do Homage. All have been cited to appear, of what Quality ſoever, Princes as well as others, before the Royal Chamber eſtabliſht at *Metz*: *Ravaux* was both Judge and Party, ſo that they have been forc'd to ſubmit; thoſe that would not, have been driven from their Eſtates, preferring a miſerable life, but glorious to a repoſe; which could not be very calm, ſeeing it muſt have overwhelm'd them with confuſion.

Gboſt. It is to be ſuppoſed my Deſcendants have given them a place of Retreat, and commended a Conſtancy, which muſt raiſe Emulation in thoſe who have not had the Courage to follow their Example.

Volcart. Not at all, I have ſeen Princes among them oblig'd to come ſeeking from Court to Court their ſubſiſtence; I have ſeen alſo ſome of 'em forc'd to take a Captains place in the Troops, to receive a pay, which may hinder them from holding out the Hand.

Ghoſt. But I ſuppoſe this fury has extended it ſelf only on the Villages, and that the ſtrong Towns have not been aw'd by *Monſieur Ravaux* and his Decrees. *Luxemburg*, for inſtance, muſt deſie this Petty-fogger, any one of its Cannons being capable of ſtopping the Mouth of his pretences.

Volcart. Miſtake not your ſelf, Sir, *Ravaux* has extended his Juriſdiction to the Gates of this City, and having reduced this Dutchy, which is indeed a very good morſel, the Town it ſelf became ſo ſtraightned, that it has been forc'd to open its Gates.

Ghoſt. This is in incredible, *Luxemburg* the terror of *Champagne!* the bulwark of *Germany!* the Defence of all the Neighbouring parts.

Volcart. With all theſe qualities ſhe has trod in the ſame ſteps as the reſt.

Ghoſt. And our good Friends the *Hollanders* have ſuffered it; thoſe to whom thou gaveſt that name, and to whom I give it after thee?

Volcart. They have ſuffer'd it; a certain good Gentleman has lull'd them aſleep. He became inſpired with the holy Spirit of *France*, which came over in Hogſheads. The Embaſſador ſhed it abroad with full Hands on him; and for recompence, this Embaſſador bears it to this Day on his Cloak: curſt be ſuch intereſt People! This Villain has ſold his Country as the Butchers ſell Meat in the Market: and curſed moreover be the —— Well, I dare not ſay more, it is not always ſeaſonable to ſay whatever a Man knows, eſpecially when one is to ſpeak of great Perſonages.

Ghoſt. However, ſpeak on, I'll warrant no harm ſhall come on it.

Volcart. Ay, *Monſieur Charles the Fifth*, are you in a Dream, or do you think I am in one? Thoſe warrants muſt needs be very good which thoſe of the other World make; and where ſhall I go to ſeek my Surety?

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. I ſay ſpeak on, my name alone is ſufficient to protect thee from all Inſults.

Volcart. This is very pleaſant truly, but I would willingly know one thing firſt; what reception did you give the Marqueſs of *Grana* below? Is he one of your Friends?

Ghoſt. I never ſaw him, nor ſo much as heard of him; is he one of the Marqueſſes *de Grana* of *Italy*? I know that Family.

Volcart. Yes.

Ghoſt. Very well.

Volcart. But are you not a Friend of his Friends, or of ſome of his Relations, for the Duke of *Arſchot* married his Daughter?

Ghoſt. The Houſe of *Arſchot* has been ever ſuſpected by me, ſo that this ought to be no obſtacle in thy Mind; moreover, I ſwear to thee, that I know no body that is in his Intereſts.

Volcart. How you pleaſe me now! I had like to burſt, like an old crackt Musket, never ſecret weigh'd ſo heavy with me: know then that he was a great Villain; in a word, the Man that betray'd the place.

Ghoſt. Was he Governour of it?

Volcart. No, hang him; a far honeſter Man than he: but for our ſins, and thoſe of your Family, he was Governour of all the *Low Countries*.

Ghoſt. Go on pray.

Volcart. Why, I tell you, he ſold the place, and would have moreover ſold all the reſt, had not the Devil come behind him and broke his Neck; he had a Belly like a Drum; he would, Heaven be prais'd, needs drink the *Spaw* Waters, but they made him burſt, to the great ſatisfaction of all honeſt People. His Widow did not much bemoan him: ſhe had married him I know not how; 'tis true, 'twas her Mother that made the Match: however it be, married ſhe is again to Count *Egmont*.

Ghoſt. Thou ſpeakeſt very clear, and one needs only Ears to underſtand thee. But let's come to our ſubject, the Marqueſs of *Grana*.

Volcart. To have a full account of that Noble Captain, you muſt know he did not ſtay till the Hour of his Death to betray his

his Maſter. He was the greateſt boaſter, perhaps, as ever was; according to him, there was never an honeſt Man in the World but himſelf; and to appear ſuch, there were no Tricks which he made not uſe of. I have heard Perſons of good Worth and Credit ſay, That the Emperor after the Battel of St. *Godard*, having put his Army into Winter Quarters, he gave him notice under-hand, That all the Officers, from the higheſt to the loweſt, were extreme vexatious to the People: he did more, he cauſed the People to complain of this themſelves; and, ſeeing the buſineſs would come to an Inqueſt, he abſtain'd from Pillaging, tho' he had as good Fingers for it as another. This hapned juſt as he foreſaw it, the Emperor caus'd *Memorandums* to be given him of all that was done; and there was only he, exempt from accuſation.

He hereby inſinuated himſelf into the Emperors Affections, acted the part of a diſtintereſt Man, and to make this Prince believe he gain'd nothing by his ſervice, he ſold a conſiderable Eſtate in *Bohemia*: But how great (ſoever an Hypocrite a Man may be, it being hard to diſſemble long) he lent him four hundred thouſand *Livers* a while after; for which the Emperor ſtill pays Uſe to his Executors.

In the mean time, believing he only ſaw clear, he continued to act the part of a Man zealous for the Emperors Intereſts; and this Prince having named him to go to *Spain*, he requeſted a private Hearing. The Emperor having granted it him, he threw himſelf at his Feet, and continuing in his Hypocriſie, beſought him to obſerve two Perſons he had at his Court; one of which, ſaid he was too heavy a Man to be truſted with Affairs of Importance; and the other too mercurial and unfaithful to rely on: he deſign'd by the firſt, Prince *Herman* of *Baden*; and by the ſecond, the Prince of *Saxony*. However the Emperor gave him good words, as believing he ſpake from the ſimplicity of his Heart, and he parted out of the Emperor's preſence with great ſatisfaction. He did what he had to do in *Spain*, but in his return through *France*, *Monſieur de St. Luc*, the Kings Lieutenant in *Guienne* regal'd him, giving him to underſtand, that if he would impart to the King his Maſter, what Secrets paſt in the Emperor's Council, he ſhould always be preſented with one Thing or other which ſhould countervail his pains. The Marqueſs made not himſelf more ſcrupulous than was

neceſſary

neceſſary for raiſing his Market, and being both agreed of their buſineſs, the matter was faithfully tranſacted on both ſides: There was nothing done in the Emperor's Council, of which *France* was not advertiſed.

In the mean time War being declared between theſe two States it was ſtill the ſame thing, ſhe had Intelligence of whatever paſt in the Council of War, ſo that it was no difficult matter for her to ſhield her ſelf from the ſtrokes intended her. In fine, the matter became ſo publick at *Vienna* and other places, altho' he thought it lay conceal'd, that a great Merchant of this City told one of his ſervants, not knowing however he belong'd to him, but who came to him to change *Lewis d'Or's*, that there was hardly any other Money to be ſeen now, that the Marqueſs *de Grana* receiv'd ſo many of 'em for his Treaſons. *France* morever made him a preſent of a Sword garniſht with Diamonds, when the Imperial Army lay encampt at *Mouzon* in the Year 1676. and tho' it was brought him, as from the preſent Prince of *Condé* as an acknowledgment (according to what he ſaid) that he had ſent Horſes to this Prince, it being known he had been well paid for them, ſo there were none but Fools that believ'd it: and in effect the Liberality of this Family never extended it ſelf to the making of a Preſent of this nature, ſeeing ſhe has enough to do to pay her Debts.

In the mean time the Emperor having been the only Perſon, who did not perceive his infidelity, ſent him a ſecond time into *Spain*, in Quality of Embaſſador extraordinary. Here it was, that continuing admirably well to play his Game, he decried in ſuch a manner the Prince of *Parma*, who was ſent Governour-General of the *Low Countries*, that he put into all the Miniſters Heads that theſe Provinces were loſt, without redemption, if he were not recall'd. There were ſeveral Councils held hereupon; and this Hypocrite, having had the time whilſt all this paſt, to have Letters of Recommendation ſent out of *Germany* for him, he had orders to go and drive away this Prince, and to take his place.

Scarce was this order diſpatcht, when fearing it would be revoked, he took leave *incognito* of his Catholick Majeſty, and parted the ſame Night. If we may believe the common report, he did wiſely in being in ſuch haſte, ſeeing the Council of *Spain* had no ſooner done the thing, but repented of it. But he being

now

now in the Road, the buſineſs ſtuck at home, his Miniſtry being to be judg'd of by its Succeſs.

France was ſoon advertis'd of his Catholick Majeſties choice, and being on the point of attacking *Luxembourg*, ſhe was very willing to make tryal whether his Preferment had not chang'd his Heart. She ſent to meet him on the way, but he would not ſtay to explain himſelf there, but told the Currier, who preſented him a Packet, that he ſhould make ſome ſtay in *England*, under pretence of refreſhing himſelf (for he was taking the Sea to finiſh his Voyage) and that there ſome Perſon ſhould be appointed, in whom he might put confidence. There was no failer of Money, that being already again ſent him. So that *France* being ſure of him, perſiſted in her Enterprize.

Ghoſt. Thou knoweſt a great deal for a Man of thy Quality.

Volcart. Hear the reſt: The firſt thing he did, when he was arriv'd, was to draw out Troops from *Luxembourg*, under pretence of Garriſoning better *Mons* and *Namur*; although theſe two Places were in no danger; by reaſon theſe were the Bar the King had granted to the *Hollanders*, by the Peace of *Nimiguen*, and he knew as well as any other, that the King of *France* could not Attack them, without making them take up their Arms. But pretending to be ignorant, *Luxembourg* was immediately inveſted, whilſt the moſt Chriſtian King ſet himſelf at the head of an Army, to hinder its being ſuccour'd; but no Body ſtirr'd. The Emperor was not in a condition to do it, having the Turks on his Shoulders; the *Hollanders* on their ſide were divided amongſt themſelves by the *French* Embaſſadors Intrigues, and the great Man I now mention'd. And now you have an account how the Place was loſt.

Ghoſt. What a Traitor was this! And did neither the Emperor or King of *Spain* ſhew any reſentment at this?

Volcart. I know nothing of that; all that I know is, that the Governour took Poſt ſome days after for *Spain*, being furniſht with good Certificates againſt him, wherein all the Officers of his Garriſon teſtified, that if the Marquiſs *de Grana* had pleas'd, the Place would not have been loſt. But there were Robbers Poſted in the Road, who took away both his Papers and Money. This Robbery was committed near *Orleans*, through which he paſt, having obtain'd a Paſſport from the Moſt Chriſtian King, on which it is good to make Reflection, that nothing can better convince us of the Intelligence above mention'd, than

this pretended Theft, which was committed in a Kingdom, wherein that care is taken, that for this Twenty five or Thirty years, the like has never been known. But for a farther Mark, that these were not Robbers, the Money was restor'd to him at *Lyons*, his Papers being the only things retain'd.

Ghost. These are very strange things thou tellest me of. However I must needs say to thee, that Europe must be buried in a more than *Cimmerian* darkness, not to awake at the noise of so many horrid Enterprizes. But go on I pray thee.

Volcart. Had you been here in the time when this hapned, you would have quickly got you back again to the other World, for you would have thought you had been in a Hell, such a general devastation and burning was here in all these Provinces.

Ghost. And who was the Cause of all this?

Volcart. The Most Christian King.

Ghost. Why, what was the matter?

Volcart. Because such was his good Will and Pleasure, and he had a mind to confound all *Flanders*.

Ghost. If this be so, why dost call him the Most Christian King? how can this Name agree with him after such Outrages, which are only for *Barbarians*, and the common Enemy of Christendom? But perhaps thou concealest from me, that 'twas through default of Payment of Contributions, in which Case its a common use introduced in War, to proceed to this extremity.

Volcart. No, I conceal nothing from you, but shall tell you on the contrary, that the Contributions were not only paid, but that the Country having been threatned with burnings, after this, it taxed it self in a vast Sum to redeem it self from this violence. But the Payment was no sooner made, but that with the Sword in one hand, and the Faggot in another, the *French* shew'd us such a *French* Trick, as consumed all before them.

Ghost. But what kind of People are these *French* then now a days? It seems to me they were heretofore human Creatures.

Volcart. They would be so still, had they less success, but this renders these People intollerably insolent to all Nations, for they pretend now to be Masters every where; yet the King of *France* has reduced them to such misery, that it is a great thing if the Commonalty have Bread to eat. The Man of Quality is his Slave, through the necessity he is in of making his Court to him, he must spend all he is worth in attending him sometimes to

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the Wars, other whiles in Journys, where he muſt be always at ſome new expence. *Verſailles* moreover is a Place which is no leſs chargeable to him, he muſt keep Houſe there, and alſo at *Paris*, which ſo waſtes him, that he has not for the moſt part a *Sous* in his Pocket, he muſt now and then dine at other Folks Tables, otherwiſe he could not live. Here paſt by ſome days ſince, one of theſe honeſt Gentlemen, who ſwore to me that Monſieur the *Dauphin* had given him Money ſeveral times, when he playd and won, for himſelf and ſeveral other Perſons of Quality, whom he nam'd to me, a Piece of four Piſtols, to bear their charges to *Paris*; he likewiſe told me, that each of them were ſo far from concealing their Miſery, that it became a matter of ſport. Yet all theſe poor wretches are full of Rhodomontadoes, *No Prince was ever ſo great and brave as their King*, and *no Empire comparable to their Monarchy*. If we deſcend from the Man of Quality to him of the Gown, it's near the matter the ſame under another Figure; they are overwhelm'd with Debts, and though he be not oblig'd to ſuch expence, and conſequently can better ſubſiſt, yet nothing is equal to his Oeconomy, becauſe ſcarcity has a long time reign'd in his Houſe. He has undergone a Thouſand Taxes under the name of Loans, and he fears every day more, without knowing where to have a Farthing to pay them. This makes him chagrin and uneaſie, and he ſees no remedy any where, becauſe he is hindred from ſelling Juſtice, which was heretofore a great help to People of his Profeſſion. Hereby is ſtopt the Complaints of the ordinary People, who ſeeing themſelves ſheltred from the violence of thoſe who are above them, comfort themſelves in being ſqueez'd by the Maſter and not by the Servants. Yet if we make reflection on their Condition, it is as bad as that of others, if not worſe. In the general miſery of the Kingdom, they find not any one of whom they may get a livelyhood; if the great ones buy any thing it is on truſt, or if there be any one amongſt them who has ready Money, they haggle like the meaneſt Tradſeman, being no longer edg'd with Generoſity. In fine, if we examin *Paris*, where there ſhould be more plenty, we ſhall find that all is in deſolation from the higheſt to the loweſt, every body diſcontented, from the Mareſchal of *France* to the Common Soldier, from the Duke and Peer to the meaneſt Courtier, from the firſt Preſident to the laſt Clark of the Pallace, and in fine, from the Chief Citizen to the poor Cobler.

If we caſt our Eyes on the Country, we ſhall find it the ſame or rather worſe, they cannot afford themſelves Bread, they Plow its true, but they have not wherewithal to Sow; their Taxes are ſo exceſſive, that they have not Beds to lye on, or ſcarcely any ſort of Cloaths to put on their Backs; and to whom does the Profit of all this come, but to the King? What ſlavery is this? What wretches are theſe? and yet as wretched as they are, you ſhall hear 'em continually extolling the Glory of their Monarch and the greatneſs of *France*.

Ghoſt. Thou ſurpriſeſt me greatly I profeſs by theſe Relations, for the *French* are in their own Natures a volatil, uneaſie ſort of People; prethee what's become of all the great Lords to whom they were wont to have recourſe in their diſcontents?

Volcart. There are no ſuch now; for from the *Dauphin* to the meaneſt Gentleman, the King keeps them all ſo low, that they cannot move; beſides he has his Spyes every where, who give him an account of what paſſes; and there being ſo many who have not whereon to ſubſiſt, there are ſeveral who would have heretofore bluſht, had they been only ſuſpected to have been of this employ, who now with the greateſt earneſtneſs ſue for it in the ſight of their Friends.

Monſieur *Le Dauphin* is a good Prince, who provided he has but opportunity to hunt, concerns himſelf no farther. The Duke of *Orleans* loves play, and to be hung with Ribbands from head to foot, to hear pleaſant Tales, and to be nice and ſqueamiſh; as for any thing elſe he minds it not.

The Chevalier *de Lorrain*, who is his Favourite of many years, and who has ſometimes ſpoke to him of the Court, with a great deal of liberty, although he himſelf be but an indifferent Man, is now wholly chang'd by a ſecret Penſion he receives thence; being the firſt and chief Spy whom the King keeps near him, and though his Majeſty has others, its only to be certain that he is faithful to him.

The Prince of *Conde* does not degenerate from his Fathers Generoſity, and the vertue of his Anceſtors; but in Inheriting their good Qualities, he alſo inherits their bad, he is covetous to exceſs, and in this unhappy Paſſion he ſees nothing worthy of him, but the deſire of treaſuring up; provided he can lock himſelf cloſe in with *Gourville*, to caſt up how much his Revenue is encreaſt ſince the laſt year, and what courſe may be taken ſtill to augment it, this is all he thinks of. The King who knew dextriouſly

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to let the time paſs wherein he was greedy of Laurels, without giving him any employ, does not fear now that he is paſt Forty five, that he Plots how to diſturb the State; he is well pleas'd in ſeeing him mind his own Affairs, and the Proceſs which the Succeſſion of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* has entangled him in. He knows very well that when a Man is poſſeſt by theſe two Paſſions, they ſufficiently fill the Head, and ſcarce leave room for other Thoughts.

The Prince *de Conti* has hitherto minded only his Pleaſures, although the deceaſed Prince of *Conde* endeavour'd to make him underſtand ſeveral times, that a Prince of the Blood ſhould ſteer another Courſe, if he intended to be in any ſort conſiderable. 'Tis not yet ſeen that he has prevail'd on his Mind to make his profit of ſo judicious a Leſſon, perhaps in time he may think better of it, but till that happens, it will be to penetrate into the future, to ſay that he can be ever the Head of a Party, unleſs this Rank be given him for his being a Prince of the Blood.

And theſe are the Princes of the Royal Family of *France*; for I take no notice of Monſieur the *Dauphin*'s Children, of the Duke *de Chartres* only Son of the Duke of *Orleans*, nor of the Duke of *Bourbon*, who are all ſo young, that it would be but meer mockery, to have recourſe to them in an Affair as this we ſpeak of. I have willingly given you their Characters, to ſhew you that they are not like thoſe which were in your time, there are none among theſe like the Conſtable of *Bourbon*, who was ſuch a great help to you in the Wars which you had with *Francis* I. and without whom, perhaps you had not met with ſuch ſucceſs. Don't deſire me to proceed any farther in the Anatomiſing of this Kingdom; ſhould I come to ſpeak to you of Princes that they call Strangers, I ſhould have ſuch wretchedneſs to deſcribe to you, as would raiſe bluſhing in you, and confuſion in me, in the relating them. Inſtead of thoſe Dukes of *Guiſe*, ſo famous in the Hiſtory of the paſt Age, I can ſhew you none but Perſons enervated with ſoftneſs and debauches, Perſons that have nothing of Princes in them but the Name, and who between you and I, cannot remember themſelves without a ſelf-condemnation: Such a Portrait as this is muſt needs be unpleaſant, and we had better draw the Curtain before it. I muſt do the ſame in reſpect of the other Grandees of the Kingdom. And what will you think, when inſtead of the *Montmorancys*, *Chatillons*, and ſo many other great Perſonages in your time, I can ſhew you only

Men:

Men that are meer Slaves, not only of the Monarchy, but of the Miniſtry? It being a Cuſtom eſtabliſht among them, to make Alliances now in Rich Families, which is the cauſe that that greatneſs of mind, by which their Anceſtors were heretofore ſo recommendable, is not to be found amongſt them; they ſee every thing, they ſuffer every thing without ſaying a word, and are ſo far from oppoſing it, as that they be the firſt who approve it, through a baſe complacency. It is no longer the time wherein they may ſpeak their minds to the King, they only buſie themſelves now with Trifles, and among ſo many Dukes, of which the Court of *France* conſiſts, ſcarcely is there to be found one, on whom one may reckon, if it concern'd only the King of his Salvation, to the prejudice of a Miniſter: I can find on the other hand, enough who will procure him Miſtreſſes if he has occaſion for them, and even without ſeeking them in another Family, would take them out of their own Bed. I don't ſay this by rote, I know what I ſay as well as another.

This Prince being become in love with a Princeſs not far hence, and intending to teſtifie his Love in a manner a little familiar, as this did not pleaſe her, ſo ſhe repell'd him a little ſcurvily, without remembring he was not wont to be treated with ſuch Careſſes. In leaving her, he told it her Father, deſiring him not to ſend her to Court; but he inſtead of being like her, was one of thoſe Princes I lately deſcribed; told him ſhe was a fooliſh Girl, and that ſhe had loſt her Fortune, and not content with this Anſwer, he went again to His Majeſty, excuſing what had paſt, telling him in formal Terms, that if he pleas'd to command it, he would himſelf bring her into his Arms.

And theſe are the Dukes and Princes to be met with in this Court, one of them knows perfectly well to Cog a Dye, and has his Trade from Father to Son; another carries on a debauch to exceſs; and having told his Wife ſeveral times there is no true Pleaſure but in Diſorder, he has ſo well inſinuated this Leſſon into her, that ſhe puts it every day in practice, every one is welcome to her, whether he comes to ſee her, or one of her Friends, ſhe takes a particular ſatisfaction in doing her Neighbour a Pleaſure, affirming this ought to be the humour of all Civil People. Another lives without Faith, without Law, and without Religion, and though he draws near Sixty, he is as young, as impious, as if he had never time to know himſelf. Another runs from one Wench to another, from Morning till Night,

Night; another to the Churches, believing it good to appear Devout to get Credit.

I could make you a Picture of all the reſt, but it being ſufficient to judge of the whole Piece by a Pattern, it would be to tire you to relate to you ſtill the ſame thing; one is form'd from the Mould of another, and excepting two, one of which has high Thoughts, and worthy of a better Fortune than he has; and the other which is a very worthy Perſon, although the Son of a Father who was a Fool to his Grave, I ſhall not paſs for a Calumniator, when I ſhall ſay, that the reſt is mixt Ware. Not but that there are ſome among them who act the Parts of honeſt Men, but I am afraid that he who ſhall look well into the matter, will find more Hypocriſie in their Actions than real Piety; Not that I am for thoſe affected Devotions, which are perform'd to dazle the Eyes of the People, for I love rather to ſay a *Pater* heartily in my Cloſet, than a thouſand in the ſight of others. When one is ſo devout, commonly he is not ſo buſied in carrying on Intrigues. Yet thoſe I ſpeak of are in them over head and ears, and are mad if any of them chance to be diſcovered. In ſpeaking of this, methinks I ſee one of our late Governours, whom I ſupris'd one day, having a great String of Beads, wound, as it were, about his Wriſt, and yet with the ſame Hand careſt very nearly an exceeding handſom Lady. It's true, theſe Beads of his were as familiar to him as the Monks Breviary is to him.

Ghoſt. Perhaps theſe Beads had a certain Vertue which thou knowſt not of; there is a certain *Indian* Wood which 'tis ſaid does wonders, and perhaps his Beads were made of it, and he was minded to try the Experiment.

Volcart. All this is uſeleſs, and without vigor love cannot laſt long; whatever Chaplet a Man has, were it of this Wood you ſpeak of, it would have no effect on me if I was a Woman, unleſs I was perſwaded it had this Vertue to make a Man vigorous, all Ladys having great eſteem for that; and I remember that a certain Monſieur being arriv'd in theſe Parts ſome Months ago, all the fine Dames of *Bruſſels* were for being of his Friends, not that he was an handſomer Man than another, but becauſe there were reported marvellous things of him. The deceaſed Prince of *Conde* who had heard of him as well others, deſirous to know whether this was true, askt his Father one day the Queſtion, who is ſtill alive, or I am much miſtaken; but this good

good Man, who was no Courtier, answer'd him seriously he could not tell, seeing his Son had never made him his Confident in that matter; but this I know, saith he, that if it be so, he has it from his Mother, not from me.

Ghost. Thou relatest matters very pleasantly, but dost not mind how much thou forgettest thy self in thy large Discourse of the Court of *France*, having quite lost the Subject we were upon, neither do I know how thou canst return to it.

Volcart. This will be no such hard matter, and to speak freely, as old as I am, I do not so greatly doat as you think for. Does a Man talk idly, when he recites the Condition of an Enemies Country? and how can you deal with it, unless you know its strength and weakness? I must tell you farther, though you still persist in your Opinion, that *France* has moreover other Male-contents, than those I now mentioned; and though I have told you, that the King of *France* has compast his end, in laying low the *Hugonots*, yet this is an *Hydras* Head which still produces something that is new, they are only extirpated in appearance; and should they meet with a favourable opportunity, it's not to be doubted but that they would act the same Part, as under the Reign of *Charles* IX. They have only forsook their Religion in appearance, and though I reckon it among impossible things for a *French* Man ever to make a good *Spaniard*, yet I believe this is more feasible than for them ever to become good Catholicks.

Ghost. Well! prethee what consequence dost pretend to draw hence?

Volcart. One that to me appears infallible, to wit, that it is not at all the *French* Interest to make War at this time; he cannot but be afraid, that whilst he shall be busied without, there may arise within his Kingdom such a Faction, as shall not be in his power to allay.

Ghost. Still methinks thou wandrest from our Subject, and hast no Logical Head.

Volcart. Ah Master *Charles* the Fifth, is it for you to pretend to so much Reason, who have no Brains? Death has dryed up all your Bones, and a Dogs head and yours make one as good a Figure as the other; don't you perceive that being to discourse with you on a great affair now in hand, and of which I already have given you some hints by the by, I pretended to prepare you to relish my Reasons? I have told you that the King of *France* would have made an Elector of *Cologn*, and a Prince of *Liege*; you know

know of what consequence it is to your Family to have these two Persons in her Interests. The pains you were at to bring over the Cardinal *de la Mark*, who posseſt this last Dignity, is a proof sufficiently convincing. So now he that is at present on the Imperial Throne, according to your politic's, has left no Stone unturn'd to put by a blow so prejudicial to the Empire : He has succeeded, seeing the Cardinal *de Furstemburg*, who is the King of *France*'s Creature, has been rejected by the Chapter of *Liege*, which has chosen the Baron *d' Elderen* one of its Members ; and Prince *Joseph Clement* of *Bavaria* is chosen Elector of *Cologn*. I have told you that *Luxembourg* is taken, the *Moselle* and the *Saar* are also subjected by the Forts which the King of *France* has raised and does still raise ; *Treves* is dismantled, and the poor Elector is made a Frenchman against his will. This was cause sufficient for the Empire, and all others in Christendom, to betake themselves to Arms. Had the Cardinal of *Furstemburg* gain'd his Point, what security could the Empire expect from so troublesom a Neighbour? How many Creatures must *France* have gain'd, when it should be considered, that one may by her means not only be rais'd to the highest Dignities, but be maintain'd in them against all Right and Reason ? Is there any ordinary Gentleman, but must turn all his desires towards her, hoping she will do for him whatever she intended to do for his Eminency, who some twenty years past had not wherewithal to maintain a Servant ? What an encouraging Prospect is this for all clear headed and ambitious Men ? In fine, O Monarch without a Crown, recall a little that vivacity of Spirit for which you have been heretofore so fam'd, and you'l excuse all my tedious Transports on this Subject.

Ghost. What wouldst have me say ? The Emperor must perish rather than not maintain the Legitimacy of the Prince of *Bavaria*'s Election.

Volcart. But pray how shall he maintain it ? He has enough to do in *Hungary*, our King has few Troops, and less Money to raise others : the Princes of the Empire are slow in their Resolutions. There are only the *Hollanders*, who are in a condition of resistance ; but do you think they will go and throw themselves into the Lyons Mouth ? Their single Forces are not sufficient to withstand those of *France*, and they can do nothing without help.

Ghost. The Emperor should temporise, and in the mean time

make Peace in *Hungary*, to the end that all these Forces being re-united may bring the Enemy to reason:

Volcart. But all this time the Cardinal of *Furstemberg*, who never wants *French* Money, fails not to fortifie his places: you know, moreover, that Possession is a Title according to Law. The thunderings of the *Vatican* signify nothing now adays, unless they be backt by an Army.

Ghost. It's true, and therefore a Pope who knows how to manage his Authority, knows what time they are efficacious in; for in *France* People are the least bigotted in any of the *Roman* Countries. This Nation acknowledges, indeed, the Pope to be the visible Head of the Church, yet only as a matter of Policy, she is too subtle to make this a matter of Faith; she knows only that this has been judg'd most expedient to preserve Unity amongst the Members, but as soon as ever a Pope requires too great a belief, she presently refers him to her Parliament, where these four-corner'd Cap People maintain it according to their fancy; and how many Bulls have been burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman?

Volcart. As far as I can see, it's not only in these times that this Assembly is Heretical; I thought only *Monsieur Talon*, Advocate General, had been the scabby Sheep that infected the rest, for he made such a Pleading some Months since as smelt dangerously of the Faggot, he treated our Holy Father, as if he had been but a meer *Don Quixot*; so that having said of him all that is proper to say of one fall'n into madness, he made him moreover pass for a favourer of Hereticks: In fine, I believe it was not long of him that he was not deposed; but knowing this could not be done in one day, I have heard say, he is greatly troubled that *Voisin* and her Disciples were put to Death, as knowing that one touch with their Hands, would have been capable of obtaining Remission of their Sins; at least, as to the Temporal pains of them.

Ghost. Who is then this *Voisin* thou speakest of? It seems by thy talk as if I should know her.

Volcart. A very worthy vertuous and generous Person, if ever there was one in the World, bequeathing Successions to those who needed them, and procuring an entrance into *Paradise* for others who were not in hast to go thither; but as Vertue is not always recompenc'd, she was charg'd with doing all this by means of a certain Powder; so that having been thrown

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into Priſon, ſhe had the ſame chance as the Bulls I now ſpake of met with.

Ghaſt. Which is to ſay in one word, that ſhe very fairly poyſon'd People.

Volcart. You are in the right.

Ghaſt. And thou wouldſt hereby inſinuate, that they would have poyſon'd the Pope.

Volcart. I do not wholly affirm that; but that which I would ſay is, That the Court would not be much troubled at his taking a Voyage into the other World; is this ſuch a criminal deſire, and can one wiſh him any thing more advantagious? You ſay not a word; is it that you who have been Emperor make ſuch a great reckoning of this quality, that you prefer it to a place in *Paradiſe*? If this be ſo, it muſt be acknowledged, that here are a great many People deceived, for I cannot believe there have been diſpatcht from time to time, on any other deſign, ſo many Princes and Princeſſes who died, ſome ſuddenly, others with a little more knowledge of the cauſe. In effect, all this has happened to 'em from the part of their good Friends, whoſe only deſign is to make them more happy in the other World than they could ever arrive to in this.

The deceaſed Madam the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* began the Dance; but ſhe had not time given her to recollect her ſelf, for loving the World as ſhe did, it was fear'd, that through weakneſs, ſhe might obſtruct her own happineſs; it has been probably the ſame in reſpect of the deceaſed *Charles* King of *England*, who was known to be too great a lover of his Pleaſures to ſo eaſily quit them, if he could help it. But there was not ſuch quick work made with the laſt Elector *Palatine*. It being Catholicks that undertook this buſineſs, and the deſire of making Converts reigning very much with them, they have therefore given him time to think on his Conſcience, ſo that it is not their fault, if they could not vanquiſh his hard Heart. They comfort themſelves the more eaſily, that he could not carry his States, whence they had a deſign to drive out the Hereticks; and as they could not attain hereunto, but by his Death, ſo we muſt not think it ſtrange, if they advanced it, and glory in it as a meritorious action. In effect, whatever is done in regard to Religion cannot be ill, which is the Morals of the good Fathers the *Jeſuits*, God preſerve us from 'em, and keep 'em from coming near us; for had I either Houſe or Land joyning to

theirs, they would quickly ſtrip me of them for the uſe of the Altar.

Ghoſt. It muſt be granted thou runneſt over a great many matters in a ſhort time.

Volcart. I acknowledg it; but I deal with you otherwiſe than I would with another, whom I was ſure to ſee another time; how know I, how ſoon you'll vaniſh? I therefore deal out my Merchandiſe to you by whole-ſale, leſt you ſhould eſcape me. And therefore I muſt tell you again, tho' you blame me afreſh for it, that it is not a Year ſince, that by a ſtroke of Charity like to thoſe I now mentioned, the ſecond Son of the deceaſed Duke of *Brandenburg* was ſent to *Paradiſe*. It was fear'd leſt he ſhould become one day Elector, and inebriate himſelf with the vanities of the World, which were ſeen to prevail on him. It's ſaid his eldeſt Brother was to have taken the ſame Voyage, who is now on the Throne; and in fine, he muſt thither ſooner or latter, but by ſmall Journeys. However this will not hinder him from leaving behind him a Prince of his Blood, to Inherit his Countries, ſeeing the Princeſs his Wife has lately given him a Son, to the great content of all honeſt People.

Ghoſt. Thou ſurpriſeſt me, and as far as I can ſee, it's not only in *France* where there are *Voiſins*.

Volcart. This is not a fit name for theſe Monſters; there was another Woman of a greater Reputation than ſhe, which was the Marqueſs of *Brinvilliers*, Daughter of the Lieutenant Civil of *Paris*. She poyſon'd her own Father, her two Brothers, her Siſter, and her Husband; and for ſo many famous Facts, her name remains conſecrated, to expreſs whatever is moſt rare in this Diabolical Science. A ſmall quantity of Madam *Brinvilliers* Medicinal Preparations will make way for any Succeſſion; ſo that it's wondered how the Duke of *Brandenburg* has eſcaped. God preſerve this preſent Pope, for ſhould he prove otherwiſe than favourable to the Court of *France*, he is in danger of Apoplectick Fits. Yet, as Pious People reſign themſelves, not only to the Will of God, but make advantage of all conditions, this old Gentleman can cough when he pleaſes, eſpecially when he is importuned by Demands, to which he is not minded to anſwer. It was told me ſome days ſince, That the Cardinal *d' Eſtrée*, who lies at *Rome* ſoliciting the Affairs of *France*, has given this Cough a thouſand times to the Devil, and would have given the Cougher too, had he believed he would have gone to him.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Well, to thy ſubject again, this is ſufficiently known.

Volcart. What is my ſubject? for I confeſs at preſent I comprehend ſo much, that I know not whereabouts I am. However, let's march on ſoftly, and perhaps I ſhall recollect my ſelf. Well, pray tell me Maſter *Charles the Fifth*, then you think the King of *France* does not much matter the Thunders of the *Vatican*?

Ghoſt. I do believe ſo.

Volcart. Yet he acts ſo greatly the Bigot at preſent, that it is marvellous what they ſay of him.

Ghoſt. No matter.

Volcart. We are then very happy that the matter does not wholly depend on him, it is, thanks be to God, in the Hands of People brought up in other Maxims than you Earthly Monarchs; you are commonly rockt with a *Machiavel* in one Hand, ſo that you ſuck in with your Milk this Wretches Policy. You have not, for the moſt part of you, either God, or Faith, or Law, altho' you have nothing elſe in your Mouthes. We have to do with Chanons, People brought up in the fear of God and of *Rome*, Perſons of an upright Heart, a lively Faith, an irreproachable Converſation; in a word, on whom we may rely, when the queſtion is to decide between *Rome* and *France*.

Ghoſt. Perhaps ſo.

Volcart. What do you mean by this *perhaps ſo*, as well as this *ſmearing giggle* which accompanies it?

Ghoſt. Prethee be not out of humour at my ſmiling, I mean thee, nor no body elſe any harm; only let me tell thee, thou expecteſt Miracles to be wrought out of ſeaſon.

Volcart. Why the Devil are you ſo given to detraction? how can you have ſo ill an opinion of ſo venerable a body as that of the Chanons? Ay, Venerable! is not that the name given 'em? And the Biſhops themſelves, do they call them otherwiſe, they that know 'em better than any?

Ghoſt. Whatever pompous Title is given, does not hinder a Man from being otherwiſe at bottom. Thoſe that commit the greateſt Injuſtices, yet are baptized by the name of *Juſt*. Another that ſhall violate whatever is moſt Divine and Sacred, ſhall be called *Pious*. Another that———

Volcart. Ah, ſay no more, I know you have reaſon; I remember that in the Pleading of *Monſieur Talon*, whom I not

long

long ſince mention'd, he ſaid (in ſpeaking of the King his Maſter) *a King ſo Pious!* Yet wherein conſiſts this Piety? is it in that he has taken away another Man's Wife, and openly kept her in the Face of all the World; or, is it that he keeps her at Court to ſerve as a ſcandal to all thoſe who behold her? Is it in his other Adulteries which he has committed, as well before, as ſince his pretended Converſion? Who is it that knows not the Hiſtory of *Mademoiſelle de M...?* And the Exile of the eldeſt Son to the Marqueſs *de Louvois?* Did it happen for any thing elſe than for ſpeaking too freely his Mind? Who likewiſe knows not why the Marqueſs *de S.....* has had the Office of keeping the Crown Jewels, which is worth twenty thouſand Crowns a Year? And that *Monſieur Pelletier*, Controller-General, who had laid it down in the King's Hands, thought to make it fall into thoſe of the Marqueſs *de Louvois* his good Friend and Benefactor. It was becauſe that his Wife paſt through a certain degree, and gave an hour or two of her time to this Monarch; what an happineſs to have thus an handſom Wife! All *Verſailles* might be ſwallow'd up in ruine for the Iniquity of a Father, as well as that apartment which had like to have overwhelmed *Monſieur Bontemps* in its fall. This makes all forgotten. Preſent as many Memorials as you will after this, not one of 'em is read; or if they be, it's only to make a ſacrifice of 'em to the Perſon beloved. Let one of the Commiſſaries be found tardy, and to juſtifie himſelf, he ſhews he has done nothing but by his Maſters Orders; he is not believ'd, tho' all the Court are ready to teſtifie for his Honeſty, and tho' he be generally bewailed by all People, this will not hinder his diſgrace. He muſt undergo the Puniſhment, he is a Rogue, a Raſcal, a great Villain; in a word, deſerves Hanging, were they not more favourable to him than his Crime deſerves. Yet to ſpeak freely, as matters are carried, he is more imprudent than criminal. Having had ſo long to do with a Miniſter, ought he not to know that the preſent Reign requires a Man to be furniſht with an handſom Wife? With this Furniture a Man cannot fail, for if ſhe be not for the Maſters turn, ſhe will ſerve ſome one elſe, who will have favour enough to make his aſſiſtance neceſſary.

Ghoſt. Truly, Maſter *Porter*, you prate roundly for a Man of your Mediocrity: have you heard all theſe Paſſages at your Gate? do not you know how cautious a Man muſt be of talking matters of this Nature?

Volcart. Ay, ay, ſo I am, of what paſſes here. I know how to ſhut mine Eyes on occaſion, and not open 'em but when my Intereſt requires it. And therefore, having been already ſo free with you, I ſhall further tell you, that when a Woman comes here diſguis'd in Mans Cloaths, I leave always one corner of mine Eyes open, to ſee whether ſhe be handſom or homely; yet I always put by evil thoughts which may ariſe: which makes me often tell my ſelf, *Thou art a damn'd cenſorious Fellow*, thou art one of thoſe who cannot ſee a Man and a Woman go to Bed together, but preſently they muſt be naught; tho' I often know Perſons, yet I tell my ſelf I am miſtaken, yet I could call 'em by their Names and Surnames, which makes me ſometimes perſwade my ſelf they come here for ſome State buſineſs. I alſo ſometimes lend my Ear, not through curioſity, but to confirm my ſelf in my Opinion, and hearing now and then ſome Sighs, and knowing that our State Affairs go not well, I take matters by the beſt handle, ſo that inſtead of turning things on the ſide of Love, as another perhaps would do, I turn them on the ſide of Affection, which ſuch may have for the publick Welfare; and attribute hereunto this Affliction.

Ghoſt. This is very honeſt, and herein thou doſt thy Duty.

Volcart. Ah, if I were at the Court of *France*, I ſhould make a rare Miniſter... To what purpoſe are all thoſe Intrigues? and would it not be better the publick knew leſs of 'em? It diſguſts a Man when he has ſatisfied his fancy, for a Woman to talk to him of Marriage, for he will fear thereby to make himſelf the laughing-ſtock of the World; but when he can imagine no body knows any thing of his Affairs, he goes with his Head lifted up, and often Marries an old Whore, as creditibly as if ſhe was an honeſt Woman. I have heard of a Duke and Peer of *France*, who died not long ſince, who underſtood ſo well this Maxim, that he would not let his own Domeſticks know what Trade he drove, altho' it be a hard matter to conceal it. He had hired an Houſe in *Grenelle-ſtreet*, whoſe back-ſide joyn'd to another, where there was a very handſom Woman, and very modeſt to look on; ſo that having cauſed a paſſage to be made from one Apartment to the other, they frequented without any bodies perceiving them. This Duke's Wife dying, to his great content, they were Married together, and liv'd very happily, for all that I know.

Ghoſt.

Ghost. To hear thee talk, one would think thou hast lain all thy life-time buried in Matter; whereas thou shouldst raise thy Thoughts, and consider that the Mind has infinitely more charms than the Body.

Volcart. So that when you made Love to the Queen of *Hungary*, and that other Woman whose Husband you murthered; this was all for the sake of their Minds. Ah, Master *Charles*, how you would Hoodwink the World! what necessity was there of killing this poor Man, who would not have hinder'd you from enjoying a Thing to which he had no more right than another? You were for concealing your Intrigues in all times, not like *Lewis the Great*, who was so far from hiding his Vices, that he carried along with him, openly where ever he went, his *La Valiere*, *Montespan*, *Maintenon*, and *Fontanges*. It's true, he now practises according to your example, having a private back-stairs for such occasions. But do not you know, how the Devil became an Hermit when he grew old? And this is perhaps the occasion too why you read me these Lessons; but I would willingly know at what Age you your self put them in practise.

Ghost. And at what Age wilt thou become wise, thou that speakest?

Volcart. I will not become so, for I pretend to be so already. But is it not very fair, that you who have learnt so many things from me, should make me a requital by intrusting me with your Secret to communicate to your Descendants, seeing you told me in the beginning, that this was the reason why you set out from the other World? for I'll go as far as *Madrid* to reveal it to our Monarch.

Ghost. My time is out, and I have leave to stay no longer, I must bid thee farewell.

Volcart. O he is vanisht indeed; how suddenly is he gone? Ah, good Sir, let me have but one word more with you, let me have but some token that may make the World believe that I have discours'd with you. But you are dumb as well as invisible. I must blaze abroad this Conversation, tho' all the World will count me a Fool.

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